The Baby Frenchman is Cared for uni's own whims and humors. by the State

FROM EARLY MORNING UNTIL LATE

At Noon Their Little Stomachs Are Filled Full.

A ROUND OF DULL ROUTINE

dence of The Evening Star. PARIS, February 28, 1894.

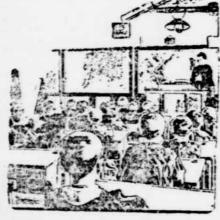


NE OF THE SIGHTS which a foreigner is almost bound to miss in Paris, and yet one which is among the most interesting, is the life in the city primary schools. Until some twenty years ago these schools were of the old-fashloned kind, not worse and not better 'han anywhere else. There was a religious side to them, and they were mostly under the

tharge of teaching brothers and sisters. It supposed that the present heroic efforts of city councillors to give everything in These primary schools, from reading and writing to square meals and new shoes, have their mainspring in a desire to draw away the children from the religious establishments, which are still in favor among a great part of the population. Complaint is sometimes made in America that too much is done when scholars are provided with books and stationery. What would be said of the doings in all the Paris primary very" and sagesse.

It is best to begin with the first and most primary school of all. It is called "the maternal school" and corresponds to what was known formerly as a "refuge" or creche. It is like the private charities of our own cities, where little ones are kept while their mothers are at work. The city of Paris, being ruled mainly by socialists, is not inclined to entrust any work to private charity, and, being French, it is inclined to system and drill and bookkeeping. It has set about the work in order.

It was in 1881 that the general law was made for these schools. There are three sections in each-one is for those who are scarcely more than bables, from two to three years and a half old; a second takes infants from that age to five, and the third receives up to six, when the child is ready for the first grade of the serious schools. The children are received at the maternal school from 7 to 8 o'clock in the morning and are kept until 6 or 7 at night. This with playtime and manual exercises or practically includes all the working hours drilling between. Not only reading and of poor parents. But attention is also given writing are taught to these tiny children, to making the children free and easy and but stories are told them, in order, from happy while away from home. It may be their country's history. It has been the well thought that sometimes, when at home, they sigh for the school.



They Are Taught Chivalry.

In the first place, no lesson lasts more than half an hour-and such lessons! In the school rooms there is a separate bench for every two scholars, and the bench is carefully chosen according to the children's size. council, the two sitting together are always, as far as possible, a boy and a girl. There room, pelting the girls on the other side with wads of paper and other attentions. Each child has also a little shelf before it on which to put the slate that is a prime th children in front. Until this improvement

The lessons are such as might be expected from the tender age of the scholars. For example, with each change of season children are taught what the farmers are doing to the soil. The schoolmistress, with the help of pictures, explains how bread is made of door, and flour from wheat, and that wheat is grown on the land with ploughing and sowing and harvesting. Then all the children begin, together with their tencher and imitating her gestures, a slow, high-pitched, rhythmical chant.

Would you like to know how the farmer, Farmer, farmer. Would you like to know how the farmer Sows-his-grain? Then each one, holding up the skirt of the little blosse, which all these children wear, takes imaginary grain to scatter round the room as they march about: This is the way that the farmer, Farmer, farmer,

This is the way that the farmer, Sows-his-grain. The same operation goes on for the reap-

ing, the baking, and, for aught I kno like the Italian pantomime, for the eating and digesting the bread.



The lessons are varied with manual exercises. The cutting and folding of paper into playthings, fans, windmills, occupy the attention for a time; and the teachers have to know a hundred contrivances for the purpose. With the older children this paper cutting is utilized in making paper lace of regular design for bouquet holders, such a school. or for the pantalettes which Parisian

To each of these schools a garden or playground is attached, where the children are ground is attached, where the children are any great distance alone on the street. Ac-brought out for frequent recreation. This cordingly, things are so arranged that the is divided between free running about (there is not enough of this to suit even the youngest American's need of personal ingreat profusion, marching, drilling, sing-ing, with regulation callsthenics. The city has not been able in its crowded quarters to supply the great open spaces which would be desirable for children's games. But everywhere there is at least an openair court, and another covered in from the air court, and another covered in from the weather. In the Jardins d' Enfants, which belong to the program in its completeness, you find something which reminds you of the gardens for the idiot and weak-minded

SCHOOLS OF PARIS supposed to give the children a habit of orderly thinking; but it would weaken the minds of most grown men. This is the defect of all French training, from the army down; it is too rigid and systematic, and



The children march out to the playground, each little boy with his little maid -singing together:

Have you seen the peaked cap, peaked cap, Have you seen the peaked cap of Pere Bugeaud?

If you have not seen it, there it is—
It's on his head;
If you have not seen it, there it is; There's not another 1-1-k-e it. Have you seen, etc., etc. When all the children are out and stand-

ing in Indian file, at the sound of a whistle the line breaks and play begins. Soon the whistle sounds again—play-time comes fre-quently, but never lasts long—and the children form in line again and march back, singing some one of the moralities lear to this people of generalities.

To come into the class-room, We must stop our play; And each one in his own place Must silent work away. For never where there's noise, Can good work be; The child that's brave and sage,

Should listen silently. This reverence for absolute silence, un leved by scratching or wheezing, or the slightest whisper, is made the chief virtue of these children. To make a noise is worse than to give a blow. To an American also it is curious that such little children should be called upon to admire their own "bra-



Playing at Recess.

All the day long lessons follow lessons, complaint of religious people that all Bible days the ladies cultivated a clear, though history and sacred stories are forbidden. small, Italian penmanship, which is sightly What are called lessons in useful things are and easy to read. It was considered an

also kept up constantly.

At last, toward noon, the most interesting hour of the day arrives. It is the time of lunch, or breakfast, as the French ray, with their habit of taking little besize a bit of bread and coffee in the early morn-ing. Some of these children are glad to go to school with nothing at all in their stomachs if at noon they can stay their hunger at the city's expense. And it must be remembered that these schools are not a private charity, or an experiment in some corner. They are the public schools furnished by the city of Paris in every ward and district, to every one of the population who cares to make use of them. Every-thing is arranged to avoid any exhibition of charity and to spare the feelings of these little hearts. A few of the children, whose parents wish it and who live near enough to the schools, will always go home at time. But the great number remains and they are fed on a footing of perfect

Each child brings in his basket, if his parents can give it to him, a piece of bread and often a little bottle of wine (the universal beverage in the poorest families), Moreover, in accordance with the philan- and some fruit and a bit of cheese by way thropic sentiments of the Paris municipal of dessert. The city is supposed to furnish none of these portions of the meal. But in the great eating room attached to each school there is given out to every scholar a plate of soup, a piece of good meat and a vegetable—all steaming hot from the cantine. For all this each child is supposed to pay daily ten centimes (two cents). But the same is given to all, whether they are instrument of this elementary education, able to pay or not, and nothing is said.

This kind of table serves as a back to the about it. By arrangement with the parents the children of the very poor even receive the piece of bread to bring with them in in French school furniture, which even now seems rude enough in American eyes, all the scholars, great and small, sat on backless benches, bending painfully over books and the merits of tender pity and practical the merits of tender pity and prac benevolence, is followed out consistently in all the Paris schools up to the highest. No tampering is allowed with a system which is intended to insure the absolute equality of all the students. Only a week ago a professor was severely blamed for disclosing the fact that an idle pupil of his class a higher school was a boursier of the

city.

There are people who shake their heads at all this and say that by suppressing all inequalities of fortune inside the schools the scholars find the inevitable inequality of the world outside all the sarder to bear. This may easily be imagined in the case of er, who grew up to man's estate with a higher education and wearing fitting clotnes at the city's expense. Hence, add the wiseacres, when the city's protection is with-drawn in the face of fellow-students who have fortunes of their own the protected child is filled with envy and discontent and hatred of society-and practical anarchy Meanwhile the principle is carried out to the extreme. In these maternal schools the city furnishes, in case of need, hat and blouse, breeches and shoes, so that ac crild need blush before its mates in this French revolutionary land of liberty, equality and

fraternity.

Home From School. After the lunch, without which many a child would go hungry, there is a longer play time. Then all this little world is marched together to the lavatory to wash faces and hands in order. This may be the chief lesson of the day for some of them. chief lesson of the day for some of them. To hand. The newspapers had very little for the bath is not esteemed among the lower-class French. Then they like into arguments for and against the stage, or class again, to their eternal singing, with more moralities and encouragement to self-admiration—a trait of personal character which so distinguishes the French.

The hour has come for class, Little friends, let's take our way. Each to his place must pass, And each one should obey. Every one will love us

If we are very wise; They will know how good we are, And see it in our eyes.

This everlasting singing of doggerel is great inconvenience to the neighbors, and at least one American boarding house owes its failure in Paris to its neighborhood with

The afternoon follows like the moraing butchers so curiously put on the legs of dismissed in the evening. But this is original enough. In this wicked city even the little children of the poor are not rusted children can be taken as the parents re-turn from their work. The difficulty was how to prevent these little devils from and cut-and-dried exercises, in rushing out altogether, with the true l'aristan child's taste for running off adventurously. To solve this they are not let out by the great gate of the school which they over. In these maternal schools boys and girls are kept together, with only women to teach them. But when the child is teach them. But when the child is six ask him to dine with me again as long years old all these pleasant days of the six ask him to dine with me again as long

WOMAN'S WRITING

It is Bad, but They Compose the Best Letters.

THE LOST ART OF CORRESPONDENCE

People Get Their News From the Newspapers Nowadays.

FORMS TO BE OBSERVED

E RECEIVED THE letter from the postman and looked at it with the air of one who was almost happy. It was addressed to "Mr. John Blank, Dash Club, Town"that is to say, he knew that was what the lines of ink upon the envelope meant, and it was evident the postman understood them also, but

to any one who was not an expert or who was not familiar with that particular penmanship the address would have been a Chinese puzzle. The "Mr." was a confused conglomeration of pot hooks, the J beginning the word "John" was a curved, meandering line run riot, the rest of the word was composed of a waving line, but no letters were formed. The balance of the address was no better. It was altogether such an address as fashionable young ladies are fond of using. He opened the letter and read an invitation to dine at 4 o'clock the next afternoon. But how could that be? Who ever heard of dinner at 4 o'clock in the afternoon? Still, there it was, so he answered, accepting, and while he was puzzling over the question of what suit he should wear he received another note from the lady explaining that she had asked him to drive and not to dine. This same young lady, too, once gave a dinner party on the 7th of a certain month and half of the guests turned up on the evening of the 1st of the month. She couldn't even make her figures legible. Where did she learn to write? Why, she was taught correctly enough, but she adopted the fashionable penmanship and has simply carried it a little further than most women do. It is probable that most of the readers of

The Star have read some of the old letters, yellow with age and the ink faded to a blackish brown, which their great grand-mothers wrote a century ago. There is nothing in the world that brings people and times of the past so forcibly before us as old letters. Here is the paper that was as old letters. Here is the paper that was used, here is the very penmanship of the person who speaks.

Our Grandmothers Wrote Better. The whole thing is very real, but notice how good the chirography is. In those accomplishment for a woman to write well. Her letters were often written in pencil first and then carefully copied. If they were a little stiff and unnatural they were at any rate well expressed and they were worthy of careful preservation. There is among the musty doucuments of the House of Representatives a long letter from Mrs. George Washington, relative to the removal of her husband's remains, written at the of the present day? Will our great grandchildren, supposing our letters are pre-served, be able to read them? What will be tioned at the beginning of this article a hundred years hence? It may be interesting as a curiosity, that is all.

"What are you doing, my boy?" a man to make said to a little fellow who had a slate and shudder slate pencil in his hands.

dictates to a stenographer, who presently brings them to him typewritten, and he scrawls a line at the end, which does serv-ice as his signature. That he expects no one to be able to read the signature is evident, for the paper on which his letters are written bears his name printed at the top, so that his correspondents may know who is writing to them. This man very rarely writes personal notes, but when he does he is surprised to see how unsightly they are. When he and his wife are separated he writes her a few lines every day, but she is accustomed to his style and knows tolerably well what is in every letupon to write a long letter in his own hand he would struggle painfully with the task and turn out what in the world of news-papers would be termed very bad copy.

Wrining Deteriorating. Just as much with men as with women there has been a deterioration in their penmanship. The writings of George Washington could be reproduced in fac-simile and would be as easy to read as print. So would those of Franklin and Jefferson. Lafavette wrote not quite so well, but still he wrote much better than most men write now. The only one of the big men of the olden times who wrote a hand in any way as bad as most modern hands was Monroe, and his was neither neat nor legible. The truth is that letters at the present day are not of as much consequence as they used to be. Excepting those that relate to business matters there are few long ones writ-ten from one man to another. What have they to write about? There is no news beyond a little family gossip to tell. Fancy a member of Congress writing to a friend at home and telling him at length of every-thing that has happened in Congress. He never does this, but simply sends him newspaper, and his constituent has doubtless had a chance to read it all in his own newspaper almost while it was happening. But it used to be different. James Madison in Philadelphia, writing to his friends in Virginia, had to tell them everything that was going on or they would be absolutely ignorant. His letter, addressed to one man, was really intended for a circle of men, and it was passed about from hand about the ancient Greeks and Romans, or about problems of government. The only way that news could be conveyed was by letter or by word of mouth. It is easy to see, then, how important a part letters play-ed, and perhaps that is the reason why the letters of the public men of those days are so valuable, and why they are generally so carefully written. It is fair to doubt whether the letters of the public men of the present day would, if they were printed, be very interesting. They would, for one thing, be shorter, and would be found to contain few facts and many opinions.

Women Write the Best Letters. Leaving out the question of penmanship, women write better letters than men do. and they write more of them in a personal way. When a man goes to his office he finds a package of letters on his desk. Some are bills, a few are receipted bills, the others all relate to business. There will, in all likelihood, not be a single one that is purely a personal letter. Yet, while he was at the breakfast table, his wife and daughters received a number of letters and every one of them was a personal letter, a visit and chat on paper. If, by chance, the man has to write a polite note at home, the chances are that he has to borrow a piece of note paper from his wife. So seldom does he write notes at home that he keeps none of the necessaries for doing so about him.

thing in the interest of a clearer understanding if many young ladies used the typewriter in writing their invitations, but, as matters now stand, all of these things are required to be done by hand. At any rate, if a gentleman takes the trouble to write an invitation to you, you must take the trouble to write your reply. If you have no note paper you may, if a reply is necessary at once, apologize for using business paper, but you ought to have some note paper by

you, for you may be called upon at any moment to drop the business side of your life and take up the social side. As to the Social Note. And when you write the social note be

careful, whatever you do, to exclude from

it any of the expressions of the shop. The tendency in social notes has been for some time to be informal. It used to be proper to address everybody as dear sir, but now the social note usually begins "My dear Mr. Blank." Similarly, our grandfathers signed themselves "Your obedient servant," or "Your most obedient, humble servant," but we of the present generation sign, "Very sincerely," or "Very truly yours," or something of that sort. In official correspondence, of course, people "have the honor," but here it is straage how often a man makes the mistake of saying, "I have the honor to be, John Smith." Is it an honor to him to be himself? Then he an honor to him to be himself? Then he, at any rate, is not the man who ought to say so. What he really means is that he has the honor to be your obedient servant, John Smith. The general rule about answering a note is to follow the form your correspondent used. If he wants to keep you at a distance by beginning "My dear sir," you had better reply in the same way, and conversely if he addresses you familiarly without any prefix to your name, as "My dear out any prefix to your name, as "My dear Blank," don't reply by calling him "Mr. Dash," unless he is a man much older than yourself, in which case you would not show him proper respect if you omitted the Mr. About this beginning and ending of let-ters one is reminded of the rather peculiar customs used in quarreling notes. Here every conceivable formality is necessary. It is proper before the matter has reached now as there were ten years ago, and the

a very serious stage to put in a "Dear str." This means a good deal when it is addressed to one whom you have been accustomed to address without any prefix to his name. The next stage of the quarrel you say simply, "Sir," and sign yourself curtly, "Very respectfully," and if you are thoroughly wrought up, the next letter may come in the form of a signed statement addressed to your adversary, but without beginning or ending. After that written comnunications cease, but you may go gunning for one another, or agree that you have such an unmitigated contempt for each other that you will not condescend to

Spring Hats and Bonnets.

The spring hats remind one irresistibly of an old-fashioned flower bed, where the rose National Library increases in size every and lily grew side by side, surrounded by bachelors' buttons, ladies' slippers and the modest heart's ease, with here and there an ox-heart daisy showing its bright face. All these, with perhaps a few sprays of lilac added, make up the posies that adorn many of the newest speciments of the French

The plateau is still to be used, although most of the straw hats are shaped. The favorite shapes run to extremes, and seem to be either very large or most diminutive. A very pretty hat seen at one of the leadtips. The front was ornamented by a bunch of many flowers, placed low and falling over the brim.
Turquoise-blue is the popular shade for

little bonnets, and is still often combined with jet. The trimming on these is much lower than it has been, inclining rather to breadth of effect than height. One of the prettiest and most novel of the imported hats was most airy, being simply a closely plaited crepe-lisse ruching in black with a spangled edge. This was gathered around a small round crown and caught up coquettishly on one side. In the front, and close up against the little crown, a group of violets nestled, another appearing at the back and one at each side, the stem cross-ing to form the top of the crown.

Silks and Dress Goods Taffeta silks, with their luster and rustle, have quite taken the place of the long-popular Indias in the shops. A year or two ago they were only considered good enough for time it was thought they would find a final resting place under the Washington monument or the crypt of the Capitol, and the penmanship is so beautiful that the letter looks like a piece of fine engrossing. linings or petticoats, but now they are quite yet she wrote it herself and was an old woman when she did so. But what will future generations think of the penmanship over by a house well known for the completeness and variety always found in its linings or petticoats, but now they are quite the rage. Among the novelties brought library is always full of specialists who are pleteness and variety always found in its silk department were a number of narrow striped taffetas, blue and white, pink and the value of such a note as the one men- white, green and white, red and white and brown and white, the stripes going across the goods, instead of up and down. Indeed, all the new stripes are bayadere, a fashion to make even those inclined to embonpoint

Green is still the favorite color, and a large proportion of the new changeable silks and satins show a green as vivid as The man went his way, but he could not help asking himself whether he, himself, really knew how to write. What writing does he ever do? All his business letters he They-the figures-are of all sizes, from eter, the latter being, perhaps, the greater novelty. A new silk is called the "jeun-nesse." It is of the order of liberty silk, but is closely plaited or tucked lengthwise plaits standing out as in accordio

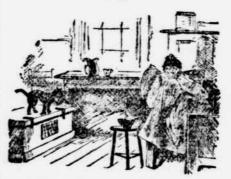
plaiting. New sateens come with a border for ruffles or double skirts. Imported dimities show much more color than last year, the designs being stripes or stripes and figures, and covering the ground pretty thoroughly A novelty in linen sheets has been intro-duced. They have eighteen inches or more of heavy close embroidery above a scalloped edge, instead of the broad hemstitched fold which has been popular for some years past. Sham sheet ends, embroidered to match pillow shams, have long been in use, some of them being of finest Mexican drawn work, but now it must be the upper sheet itself that is worked. A very pretty sheet, though of course not a orate one, can be bought for \$25.

The Japanese Currency.

From the London Times. An interesting report from the British legation in Japan, just issued, deals with Japanese currency, past and present. The gold coins now in circulation range from \$1 to \$20, while the silver coinage includes \$1, and the subsidiary coins down to 5 cents. During the last fiscal year, which ended on March 31, 1803, the importation of silver bullion was unusually large, and the coinage of \$1 pieces was exceptionally heavy. In August last 100 silver dollars purchased sixty-one and one-quarter gold dollars. The sketch of the history of the paper currency of Japan given in the report is of especial interest, for it explains the measures by which the depreciated paper of 1880 was brought up to par value without resort to a foreign loan. Between 1871 and 1878 the gold dollar was the unit and was legal tender to any amount. In 1878 this simple gold standard was abolished and the silver dollar of 416 grains and 900 fineness was made universally current in all public and private transactions without limit. Over two-thirds of the gold coins struck in the Japanese mint since 1871 have been exported, and "it is plain that if the present rate of depletion continues, there will be soon very little gold left in the country," while the value of silver coin and bullion has largely increased. The amount of each in circulation in August last was officially estimated as follows: Gold, \$5,837,892; silver, These amounts, of course, not include the treasury reserve, of which there is about \$22,000,000 in gold and \$64, 000,000 in silver.

As She is Spoke.

Gladys-"Harry took us into a 'caif' for luncheon." Gwendolen-"Allow me to correct your French, dear. It's 'cafe.' There's an accent on the 'e.'" Gladys (frigidly)—"I learned the purest Parisian French. Ma was very particular that we should not pick up any accent."



Talk With Librarian Spofford as to How It is Working.

WASHINGTON AS A LITERARY CENTER

How MarkTwainWrote "Innocents Abroad," and a Chat About It.

FAMOUS WOMEN WRITERS.



DROPPED INTO the National Library last week and asked Mr. Spofford, the librarian, to tell me something as to the condition of the great American brain. He informed me that it was beiling as it has never bolled before We are turning out books by the hundreds and newspaper and magazine article by the thousands every year, and the copy

rights asked for continually increase. Said Mr. Spofford: "There are more than twice United States has never been more intellectually alive than it is today. In 1892 there were more than 54,000 copyrights issued, and the publications of 1893 exceeded those of 1892. Nearly everything of importance is copyrighted now, and we have copyrighted lectures and newspaper articles as well as books. The number of magazines is increasing, and there are now more than a thousand literary reviews, magazines and periodicals in the United States. The increase in other classes of literature has been almost as great, and there are now more than 600 scientific periodicals and a large number of professional magazines. We are making many new books, and the

"Speaking of new books, Mr. Spofford, are there many great works produced by new writers today?"

"There are few great books produced in any age," replied Mr. Spofford. "Great geniuses are born, not made, and the generation is happy which sees more than one or two of them. I think this is an age of compilation rather than of creation. The great American prose or poetic genius is yet to be born. We have had some creative writers of the past, but the greatest of them are now dead. Longfellow, Emerson and James Russell Lowell have passed away, and the only one who can really be called great among those left is Oliver Wendell

"How about Washington as a literary center? Is there much literary work done here?"

"Yes, there is a great deal," was the re-y. This is one of the intellectual centers the United States, and there are a number of authors who live here. Thomas Nelson Page has lately purchased a residence on Massachusetts avenue. Frances Hodg-son Burnett lives a little further down the way, and this is the home of Henry Adams, the historian; Col. John Hay, Mr. Nicolay and a score of other well-known literary workers. We have a great number of scien-tific scholars living here and some of the tific scholars living here, and some of the best travel works are written in Washing-ton. The National Museum has connected working up some subject.'

Speaking of Washington as a literary cen-

ter, it is not generally known that it was here that Mark Twain wrote his "Inno-cents Abroad." He was at the time in the employ of Senator Stewart of Nevada, and was doing cierical work for him. He had made the trip to Europe and the Holy Land as a correspondent of the "Alta California." getting for it \$1,200 in gold, and he pounded the stuff out here in an old room heated by a sheet-iron stove. After he got back he got an idea that the letters would sell if they were put into book shape, and he showed Senator Stewart his notes, and Stewart gave him a job at the Capitol which paid him 36 a day. After several weeks of hard work he completed his book and then went to a publisher. One of his friends here at Washington was Albert D. Richardson, who had been connected with several subscription books, and who had writte some very good things. Richardson intro-duced him to his publishers, and Mark Twain finally made a deal with them by which he was to have 5 per cent of the retail price of all the books sold. Not long ago I had some thoughts of publishing a book myself, and I called upon Mr. Clemens at his home in Hartford and asked his ad vice. During this call he referred to "In-nocents Abroad," and said that it had netthat it had made the fortune of the pub-lishers. Said he: I was surprised when I was told that a good sum for the work would be 5 per cent of the retail price of the books sold. I laughed at it, but Richardson, who introduced me, told me that he was giad when he got 4 per cent, and I accepted their offer. Including the editions there were something like 200,000 copies disposed

of, and the publishing company made the neighborhood of \$75,000 out of it." I asked him what he thought of books of travel as sellers? He looked at me with a twinkle of the eye and said: "There is only one kind of a book that will sell by subscription better than a book of travel, and that is a pious book." He then referred to his own publishing the statement of the second lishing ventures in a few words, and told me that the best possible method of ar-ranging for the publication of a good subscription book was to accept nothing until the plates were paid for and then to take a low percentage on the first 5,000, increasing it on each 5,000, until it got as high as 8 or 10 per cent, which would be a big remuneration and would make one a fortune

if the book had a large sale. Blaine wrote a great part of his book here. He began it when he was living just above the old Sickles house, on Lafayette square, and he wrote a great part of it in his mansion on Dupont circle. The second volume was written here and at Bar Har-bor, and he completed it here in Senator Windom's big brick, just below where Bourke Cockran now lives, and facing Scott Circle. He was a very rapid writer, and he considered 1,500 words a good morning's work. His book brought in, I understand, something like \$200,000, and it has paid the best of any book of its class ever published. Sam Cox wrote his "Political Reminiscences" here, and before he died he told me he was to receive \$12,500 on Rhaeticus (a stone wall without a moat).

"Thirty Years in the United States Senate." and I have visited the old brown house on 'ongress" at the time he died, and he prayhouse in which his widow now lives, and it was here that he penned a novel which was issued under an assumed name, but which had only a meager sale. Logan left studies. He was a great Methodist, and he had many rare editions of the Bible and famous theological works. He wrote rapidly and revised carefully, but his book, like that of Gen. Sheridan, did not have anything like the sale of the works of Grant From Exchange. I wonder when John J. Ingalls will pub-

lish his novel. I visited him here a few days after his library was burned in Atchison, Kan. He had in this library a num-ber of manuscripts, which were destroyed, and among them were some of the notes for this story. It was to have been a po-litical society novel, laid in Washington, in which the true inwardness, hypocrisy and hollowness of life here would be the gardens for the fillot and weak-minded children of the Bicetre and Salpetriere.

There are long walks amid flower-beds, as in a borany book; and there are plots of grass and evergreen trees cut and clipsed into geometrical figures, cones and capital figures co



He has done considerable magazine work since he left Congress, and his lectures have taken up a great part of his time. In the meanwhile he may have had some time for fiction, and if so I predict his book will be a bright one.

I knew Bancroft quite well. His books I knew Bancroft quite well. His books were sold to some New Yorkers, who gave them to the Lenox Library. Congress bid within \$5,000 of the amount for which they went, but a friend of the Lenox Library got them. Among them are valuable manuscripts, which I am surprised have not yet come to the public. There is a manuscript diary of James K. Polk, which he copied at Nashvilie just before his death, and which, I am told, is full of interest. There are lots of original letters of Alexarder Hamilton, Aaron Burr and others ander Hamilton, Aaron Burr and others that ought to have been included in the collection, and I doubt not that some good newspaper articles could be gotten out of the library by those who have access to it. It is generally supposed here that it is about as hard to go to Peking after rare books as to get into the closely guarded archives of that New York library, and so far I have not seen anything published from the Bancroft collection. Shortly befrom the Bancroft collection. Shortly before Bancroft's death I had an offer from
one of his private secretaries, who treacherously said that he could get me copies of
some rare letters in Mr. Bancroft's possession if I would pay for them. I wanted
the letters, but I told him I could not think
of stealing them, and nothing came of the
matter. Bancroft was one of the slowest
writers we have ever had here. He wrote
and rewrote, first dictating his thoughts and rewrote, first dictating his thoughts to a shorthand man and then revising them again and again as they were presented to him in typewritten form. He thought 250 words was a good day's work, but he beat with a good day's work, but he was dead when we picked him up, and we at once prepared the body for burial, the ship's carpenter making a good day's work. but he kept grinding away until he was ninety, and his long life enabled him to

I saw Parson Brownlow's son here the other day. He was a colonel in the Union army and his father's private secretary while he was in the United States Senate. I asked him something about Parson Brownlow's book and, he told me that about 50,000 copies of it were sold and that his father made in the neighborhood. about 50,000 copies of it were sold and that his father made in the neighborhood of \$20,000 out of it. I doubt whether Bancroft made as much in his long life of work out of his histories. Henry Ward Beecher got \$30,000 from Robert Bonner for writing the novel "Norwood," and we all know of the great fortune that came to the Grant estate from his book. came to the Grant estate from his book. I don't know just exactly what John Hay received for his life of Lincoln. One story received for his life of Lincoln. One story is that the Century Company made out a contract and left the price blank and that it was finally filled in by them for \$50,000. Col. Hay talked to me about the book at the time he was writing it and he showed me his workshop. He has a magnificent house here at Washington, which is furnished with all the luxuries of a millionaire. The library in it is as big as a barn and it has a great table like desk as large as the bed of a bridal chamber. The work on the book was not done here but the as the bed of a bridal chamber. The work on the book was not done here, but in a little cuddy hole of a room in the attic, which had a pine table and a half dozen kitchen chairs and the floor of which was bare. I asked Col. Hay at this time as to his dialect poems. You know he wrote "Little Breeches," which closes, I think, somewhat as follows, referring to the

angels:
"I think that taking a little boy And saving him for his own Is a darn sight better business

Than loating around the throne."

I found him not at all inclined to talk about it. He gave me to understand that he was sorry he had written it and that he hoped to do more elegant and better work. He has done since then a great deal more elegant work, but I doubt whether he has written anything which has come closer to the hearts of the American people than that poem.

capital now. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.at eighty years of age, is writing her eightleth novel. She has been receiving, it is said. \$10,000 a year from the New York Ledger for everything she writes, and the way she grinds out books makes me think of a talk I had the other day with Bob Burdette as to his lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache." I asked Burdette how many times he had delivered it. He said, "I don't know. Hundreds of times, and I think thousands of times. Why, I know that lecleave the stage, I believe the old thing would go on and finish up on its own hook without me." This is the way with Mrs. Southworth. Her gold pen keeps year after year, day after day, is forced to imagine that it will keep up its speed even after she has passed away. She lives at Georgetown, and she writes the same character of stories today as when her first story was published in the National Era here nearly two generations ago. Mary Halleck Foote lives here part of the time, Anna Vernon Dorsey has her home here, Mrs. Logan is keeping her literary work in connection with her magazine, and Kate Field spends a great part of her winters at the capital.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Ancient Roman Frontier Marks. An interesting discovery has recently been

made in the Taunus mountains (a few miles north of Frankfort-on-Main) by the German imperial commission for the investigation of antiquities. It had been noticed, some years ago, that in those places where the Limes Trans-Rhenanus (a wall of earth Rhaeticus (a stone wall without a moat), there was a small trench running alongside at a distance of about six yards from the wall. This was also found to be the case at e visited the old brown house on Hunhelm, in Bavaria, and in other places where he put the matter into where, at Mommsen's instigation, a thorshape and in which he died. He was work-ing on his "Abridgment of the Debates of the Limes Rhaeticus. As a resuit of excaexamination had also been made of vations in this trench, undertaken at the ed during his last hours to be allowed to linstance of Herr Jacobi, one of the government surveyors, what was evidently the original Roman frontier mark was met with at about two feet below the surface. The frontier was delineated by a series of blocks of stone some distance apart from one another. Underneath these stones were a fairly good library, and it will be a sur-prise to many that he was fond of religious veyors. Elsewhere excavations showed that the frontier was marked by such as black earth or wooden pegs.

How Fast the Earth Torns

Everybody knows that the earth maker one complete revolution on its axis once every twenty-four hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed necessary to accomplish this feat. The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1.625 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The earth, in making one revolution in twenty-four hours, must turn

WHEN A NAVAL OPPICER WAS THOROUGHEY PRIGHTENED, BUT DIDN'T SHOW IS

Written for The Evening Stee.

"I was nearly scared out of my once," remarked an officer of the United States navy whose name is a synonym for all that is courageous on land and sea. "The very idea," protested a young and pretty listener, who knew his record and loved him for the dangers he had passed. "It is true, just the same," he went ou "I was scared, badly scared, and I don't

hesitate to acknowledge it." There was an immediate demand from the company for, the story, and the accor dating officer proceeded with it.

"It happened on the old ship Powhatan,"

for burial, the ship's carpenter making a wooden coffin, which he nailed together, as there were no screws suitable in his kit. We had expected to take the body ashore. at once there came a fearful rasping, screeching sound from the coffin, and the lid began to rise. Well, it is beyond the capacity of language to express just what we all thought at that moment. The superstitious sailors fied in dismay, the captain's face bianched, the other officers stood irresolute, and I grabbed the wheel and held on to it with all my strength to keep from run-ning clean away. Scared? Why, my dear young lady," and the officer smiled at the pretty girl, "I was so scared I didn't know where I was. But it wasn't for long, for

our senses came back in a minute, and we began to realize that the swelling of the de-

composing body had forced the nails out and it was their giving away that had made

the fearful noise. In a few minutes the sallors were recalled, the coffin was nailed up again and lashed with ropes and the last

sad rites were finished without further in

The young woman shivered at the uncan ny story and the remaider of the company feit the same creepy feeling down the back. "That is to say," continued the officer, "there was no further incident on deck. It was my duty to go with a boat's crew sor distance from the ship and sink the body the sea, and I can tell you now I did not relish the job at all. I had had enough to last me to the end of my service, but my wishes were not consulted in the matter. It was duty, and that must be done whether one likes it or not. By this time the sun had set, the sea was quite rough and the men to go with me were badly rattled, all of which didn't make any difference as far as the work to be done was concerned, and I started away with my disagresable bur-den. At a suitable distance I stopped the boat, committed the body to the deep and dered the crew to 'give way' to return to the ship. I sat in the stern of the boat facing the crew, and they had not taken a dozen strokes until I noticed something was wrong. Their faces began to take on the color of ashes, and in a minute the bow oarsman stopped. 'It's after us, sir,' he said in a tone that made all my blood go clean down to the soles of my feet, and I hardly dared look over my shoulder to see what 'It' was; but that was no time to show fear, and I cast a quick glance backward. That was enough. Right on our heels. apparently, and end on, jumping out of the water in weird, fantastic leaps, came the coffin in our wake. Then it was, in my nervousness, I wanted to scream, or faint or do something; and for an instant it would have been a positive relief to me to have done all three in rapid succession, and wound it up by plunging into the sea, but the eyes of the men were on me, and they were worse scared than I was, and I couldn't do that. To put back was all there was to do, and at the command the boat went back, but I can assure you none of us wanted to go back with it. However, necessity compelled it, and in a few stroker we were alongside that coffin and had made it fast with a rope. Then we discovered that the air in it supported it, the shot at the foot keeping it almost perpendicular in the sea, and the dancing waves did the rest. In a minute we had knocked one end of it in; a minute later it had sunk out of sight with a smothered gurale, and my sight with a smothered gurgle, and my scare was over, but the effects of it remained for weeks, and even yet I can make my self uncomfortable thinking about it." The officer ceased speaking and the com-pany gave a long breath simultaneously

and felt uncomfortable themselves. W. J. LAMPTON.

door yesterday, and he told me to say that he has his hands full and will see no one." Against the Rules.

Office Boy-"Yes, sir; but ne's too busy

see you. There was a children's party next

Mr. Rusher-"Is the doctor in?"

